THE MOTHER'S CHAIN; OR, THE BROKEN LINK.

BY EMMA MARSHALL,

Author of "Eaglehurst Towers," etc., etc.

"'Are you very vexed with me? Do you mind?'"

CHAPTER IV.

STARTED.

AGAIN it was night, the still summer night, and Mrs. Armytage sat as usual in her own room, with her Bible open before her, and her heart oppressed with the coming parting with Maggie.

The matter had been settled some days before, and now the last night was come, and Maggie was to start for London the next day. It was the first break in the mother's chain, and it was felt accordingly. In many families the boys leave home early for school, and the girls, if they go to the daily High School, pay visits in the holidays to relatives and friends, and there is a continual passing to and fro of the members of the large household.

I do not think mothers of such families can enter into Mrs. Armytage's feelings at this parting from her eldest daughter—a daughter in whom she had taken such pride—the "home-made" daughter, who seemed in her partial eyes so superior to what she heard of the girls of the present day.

I do not say that Mrs. Armytage was altogether justified in her wounded feelings, for they were wounded. She had thought "the children," as she fondly called them, all so happy, and she felt justly proud of them, educated by herself, and of late the younger ones by their elder sisters.

That Maggie should be anxious to take flight was the bitterest part of the trial—Maggie whom she had up to the last few months looked upon as the strongest link of her chain. Now the link on which the others hung, and the link which showed the brightest of all, had made the first break, and the others must close up without her, for never again could she be the same.

But Mrs. Armytage was a true mother, and from the moment she had given her consent to Maggie's departure she had put aside her own feelings, or rather had hidden them from her children, and had done her best to assist Maggie in her preparation for her new position.

"How differently I should feel if she were going to be married," Mrs. Armytage thought, "married to a good man, who could give her a comfortable home, full of the sunshine of domestic love," and Mrs. Armytage sighed, just as the well-known tap at the door was followed by Maggie's entrance.

"Dear mother!" and Maggie knelt down by her mother's side, "I almost wish I were not going away. Are you very vexed with me? Do you mind?"

"My dear child," Mrs. Armytage said, "it is too late now to speak of what I mind or what I feel. I only desire to

commend you to God's fatherly care, and shall pray more earnestly for you than ever I did before. I have begun to see one good—very good result of our decision."

Maggie looked up quickly with a bright smile.

"Ah! I am so glad! one good thing, mother?" Then the smile faded out, as her mother said, stroking back the masses of Maggie's beautiful hair—

"This leaving home will take you away from Miss Barker's companionship, which I consider to be very unwholesome for you."

"I love her very much!" was the rather sad reply; "and perhaps, dearest mother, you do not understand Lisa. She is so very far above the ordinary girl—like the Cayleys, for instance, and the Greens, and those humdrum nieces of Miss Hoskins at the Vicarage. Ah! mother, you do not know Lisa, and she is so fond of you, now!"

"We will not talk any more about Miss Barker, my darling; you have an exciting and tiring day before you to-morrow; go to bed, and let me give you a good thought, which Sir Thomas Browne used to call his laudanum, to go to sleep with."

"Sir Thomas Browne! I did not know you cared for him, mother. Lisa is so devoted to the 'Religio Medici.'"

"Your father loved that book. I have still his copy, which I will give you one day. But now, take your sleeping-draught, dearest Mag, in these words, and they may be a guide in the choice of your friends;" and Mrs. Armytage read from a little manuscript book by her side on the table:

'Where true fortitude dwells, loyalty, beauty, friendship, and fidelity may be found. A man may confide in persons constituted for noble ends, who dare do and suffer, and who have hands to burn for their country and their friends.'

Maggie was silent for a few moments; then she said—

"I believe I have a hand to burn for my friends!"

Her mother smiled and held her in a long embrace.

"One more word, my darling—words of a greater than Sir Thomas Browne: 'Teach me to do the thing which pleaseth Thee, for Thou art my God. Let Thy loving Spirit lead me forth into the land of uprightness.' . . . Pray, dearest Mag, to be kept stedfast in the faith—the faith which has been tried as gold is tried for eighteen centuries, and has never failed to the true of heart."

A few more words and the last good-night was said, and the next morning Maggie was off on her outward bound way.

The carriage from the Hall arrived to take Maggie to Crayminster, where the Great Western line was reached. Lisa Barker was in the brougham, and her presence prevented Maggie from shedding many tears, for Miss Barker was in her usual high spirits, and kissed and waved her hand vigorously to the group under the little verandah of the cottage, repeating "Good-bye, oh! you darling little Bernard!"

But Maggie had no voice for "good-byes," and as the brougham drove off a quick short sob made Lisa say—

"Now, pray don't be so lugubrious, my dear; you are the luckiest girl in the world. I declare, I wish I had offered myself. Come, cheer up, and for goodness' sake don't arrive at De Vere Gardens with swollen eyes, because, you know, I have told them how handsome you are, and that your eyes are the finest"——

"Oh! pray don't, Lisa! I—I can't bear it;" for now that the home-love was vanished this other love, which she had prized so much, did not seem so valuable.

"Well, let us talk of something else. Do you know Mr. Grey well, Mag darling?"

"Yes, I know him pretty well," Maggie answered.

"Because he is paying me very marked attention, and I am rather embarrassed."

"Mr. Grey!" exclaimed Maggie, with quite unfeigned surprise. "Mr. Grey!"

"Well, why not!" said Miss Barker, sharply. "My dear, it is nothing new for me to have admirers. I could tell you of five at this moment, who only want me to lift up a finger and I should have them writing to my father."

Miss Barker had a strong imagination, and perhaps these visionary lovers existed only in that imagination.

"I thought you never meant to marry, Lisa! You said you liked friendship better with congenial friends."

"Of course I do, you little goose, else why am I still Lisa Barker, and why am I so devoted to you? Mr. Grey will have to understand that I am not setting my feet in the way of matrimony, but of culture and independent thought, and that I must be as free as air."

The two friends parted at the station, and Lisa's last words were—

"Write as often as possible and tell me all sorts of delightful things; mind now," and the last sight of Lisa seemed to cut Maggie off finally from the old life in the quiet village of Besthorpe.

She did not cry now, but sat turning over in her mind the extraordinary statement Lisa had made about Mr. Grey.

"He never seemed to care for her," she thought; "but perhaps that is the way with men, and it really makes no difference to me. Why should I care?"

But perhaps she did care a very little, in spite of the repetition of the last words again and again till they seemed to make a sort of running accompaniment to the thud-thud of the train.

"Why should I care—why should I care?"

Maggie arrived at her destination about five o'clock, having been met at Paddington by a respectable-looking woman, who came up to Maggie and announced herself as Miss Highmore's maid.

"The footman was out with the carriage, and her ladyship sent me. What luggage have you, miss?"

"Only one box and this little bonnet box, thank you," as the maid relieved her of the roll of rugs, and hastened after a porter to identify her luggage, bidding Maggie to follow her.

The bustle at Paddington is very bewildering even to the initiated; how much more to a girl wholly unaccustomed to any travel beyond Crayminster and a small sea-side place, where a month was spent in cheap lodgings occasionally, when little Heartsease, the delicate child of the family, needed sea air. The clatter of the horses' feet on the pavement, of the many cabs and flys waiting to take up passengers, make a harsh, constant noise, and the passengers themselves, when unattended by patient servants, run to and fro after porters in their frantic desire to get a cab and their luggage at the same time.

The train had been very full, and the difficulty of getting Maggie's solitary box seemed great. At last it was accomplished, and Maggie found herself in a rattling cab, with the maid on the back seat, and her rugs and bonnet-box on the front next her.

"London is very full, miss, and we shall not get along very fast." But after this single observation the maid volunteered no further observation, and Maggie felt too shy to originate a remark.

De Vere Gardens was reached at last. "Gardens" is a misleading term to country folk, and Maggie looked up in sur-

prise at the huge houses which rose in a compact mass of masonry on the other side of the street.

"The cab-fare, miss, if you please," the maid said, when the box was in the hall, and Maggie stood by it as if in a dream. She opened her purse and took out the required fare, and then followed the maid with her rugs and bonnet-box up several flights of stairs to the top of the house.

"This is your room, Miss Harmer. I will see you have some warm water. Dinner is at half-past seven. Your box will be brought up directly."

And then Maggie was alone. She was past crying now. A dull, dreary sense of desolation came over her, and seemed to paralyse every thought and every power. She went to the window and looked down on the street below. Carriages full of smart people were passing and repassing, and there was a continuous roll; near and far that mysterious dull sound, which the billows of the sea of human life in the great city makes, as it ebbs and flows with ceaseless motion.

Just a strip of the summer sky above, just a glimpse of green, caught by craning her neck, towards the end of the street, and a flash of brilliant colour from the flower-boxes on the windows of the opposite mansion. And this was London! This was the place where she was to gather in the harvest of golden grain!

Her meditations were interrupted by a tap at the door.

"Her ladyship would like to see you, Miss Harmer."

"My name is Armytage," was the somewhat proud response, as she follows the maid downstairs. "Wait, please; perhaps I ought to take off my hat." The maid waited, and Maggie returned to the room for an instant and laid aside her hat, rejoined the maid, who cast a critical glance at those rich folds of abundant hair, and wondered if she dressed it with her own hands.

Lady Highmore was in the back drawing-room, where she got through an immense correspondence and addressed innumerable cards of invitation or acceptance, as the case might be.

"Oh, Miss Armytage, how do you do? I hope you have had a pleasant journey. Maude, give Miss Armytage some tea."

This was addressed to a heavy-looking girl, who obeyed her mother in silence, and handed Maggie the tea in an awkward fashion, dropping the teaspoon, and bringing forth the exclamation, to which Maggie was soon to be accustomed—

"My *dear* Maudie! *how* careless."

Maude's colourless, fat face did not show any signs of remorse for her carelessness, and her mother said—

"I want to chat for a few minutes with Miss Armytage; so run away, dear, and look over your German for Fraulein Meyer."

Maude obeyed again, not silently this time, for she said—"I wish you wouldn't bother about my work. I have done the German." Then Miss Highmore lifted the portière which divided the rather gorgeous front drawing-room from the back settlement, and letting it fall behind her, disappeared.

Lady Highmore had been critically surveying Maggie, and the impression was favourable.

"Miss Armytage," she began, "I hear you are full of intellectual aims, and desire to improve yourself. I hope you will quicken the same desire in my dear child. I am, as you know, an authoress."

No, Maggie did *not* know it. But as every third person with any leisure claims that title nowadays, it did not surprise her.

"What with the claims of society, and my enormous correspondence, and my charitable commissions, I really have very little leisure to devote myself to Maudie. Thus I look to you to fill this place for me. Maudie is scarcely eighteen, and I desire to keep her back till she is nearly nineteen. She is very unformed, dear child, and I should feel it an anxiety to let her come out yet. This very important year I desire to devote to culture. She has been unfortunate in her governesses—very unfortunate; and no one has attempted to kindle in the dear child any real love for study; and as to ambition, she has none. You will do your best, Miss Armytage, for, candidly, I am rather an anxious mother."

"I will do my best," Maggie repeated; "and perhaps while learning myself I may be of use to Miss Highmore."

"I hope so, indeed. Mrs. Grantley, Lisa Barker's aunt, recommended you so strongly that I hope for great things. You will be quite one of the family, and see my friends when they are here; but you will not expect to go out with me when Maudie does."

"Oh *no*," Maggie said, promptly. "I shall trust to have time for study."

"Quite so," Lady Highmore said. "You will begin the half courses at Queen's College to-morrow. Here is the prospectus. Your name is entered with Maude's. And then there is Fraulein Meyer for German, and Signor Bettini for Italian, and Madame Pergolesi for the piano, and Signor Crispi for the violin. Are you musical?"

"I am very fond of music."

"Well, you had better take up the piano lessons with Madame Pergolesi, because you can then *urge* Maudie to play duetts with you. I think that is all. We dine at half-past seven, and I am at home to-night. I have only an 'at-home' at Lady Mounteagle's, to-morrow, I see," the London lady said, consulting her book of engagements; "yes, I think that is all."

"All!" And not one word of the highest aim of all—not one word about the faith, which *her* mother held supreme. Lady Highmore said she was an anxious mother! and yet the anxiety did not reach to any point beyond the present life.

Maude was evidently a disappointment to her clever, handsome, and still youthful-looking mother. For this world had been kind to Lady Highmore. She had sailed in smooth waters, and had never known any real sorrow. Sir Henry had been the indulgent husband of her youth, and had left her with an ample fortune and one child, who, so her mother had dreamed, was to set the world on fire by her beauty, her talents, and her accomplishments. Alas! all these hopes seemed likely to be disappointed.

As Maggie was leaving the drawing-room she met Maude on the landing, out of which, down two steps, a little conservatory had been made.

"Come in here," she said, "I want you."

Maggie rather resented the peremptory tone, but she followed Maude, who drew a portière across the entrance and said—

"I was behind the curtains just now, while mother was talking all that rubbish. I *hate* books and nonsense. She won't let me come out because she thinks I am ugly and awkward and clumsy, and I make her look older. That's what Percy thinks; *he* sees through mother."

"I am shocked," Maggie began, "to hear you speak in this way of your mother."

"Oh! what a joke! I am afraid you'll often be shocked."

"No," Maggie said, "I shall not, for I shall not listen to you when you talk in that fashion."

"Come, now, be reasonable," Maude said, sitting with her legs over the arm of a basket-chair, in a very ungraceful attitude; "I am not a bad sort, but I hate shams. Why should I pretend to be clever? Ask Percy?"

"Who is Percy?"

"My half-brother; the *only* person mother is afraid of. She does not like him; he is religious, you know, and works away in the East End, and lives in his chambers in the Temple, but he comes here sometimes, and I love him. He is awfully good and pleasant, and jolly too. Now," she said, in a tone which was half pathetic, half defiant, "be friends with me, and just convince mother that all these lectures and nonsense are pure waste of money spent on me. I am stupid, and do nothing with my hands, or my head either. I am even too lumpish to play tennis, and I sit a horse like a sack of potatoes, so the riding-master says."

Maggie was moving backwards to make her escape, when Maude said—

"Which room have they given you? I daresay it's the tip-top of the house; let me come and help you to unpack."

"No, thanks, I would rather be alone," Maggie said; "I shall see you again at dinner." And then Maggie, being swift of foot and very agile in her movements, fled upstairs and sought the refuge of her own room.

(*Continued on page* 65.)

EASTER.

Anon the heavens darkened, and the earth
Shook, and the sepulchres gave up their dead,
The while God's murderers, trembling, held their breath,
And cowered low in guilty fear and dread.

The cross loomed darkly 'gainst the darker sky,
And weeping women prayed while Jesus died;
Died—oh, what love! yea, died for sinful man—
Despised, rejected, and now crucified.

See there! His head is drooping. Loud He cries
"'Tis finished!" and the mourners weeping there
Weep more abandonedly. Not yet they know
How little cause they have for such despair.

How should they know that He will rise again—
Rise to triumphant glory in the skies,
The conqueror of death for evermore,
Making a footstool of His enemies?

Now He is risen! Shout the joyful words!
Let earth and heaven unite to make it known;
Now it is finished—God's redemption plan;
His boundless love for man is fully shown.

The love of God, in this made manifest,
That He His only Son gave up to die,
That man from death eternal might escape,
And live to praise his Ransomer on high.

D.

The First Easter—A Mother's Grief.

(Drawn by W. Gunston.)

MOTHER MINISTRY; OR, THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY J. L. NYE.

THE very mention of the word mother produces a thrill in the heart of almost every godly man and woman; for how large a proportion of these owe everything, under God, to the piety and fidelity of Christian mothers!

Fathers may represent the intellect, but mothers represent the mind governing the heart. Power may appertain to the father, but the influence of the mother is more subtle and penetrating than power in its most delicate and all-pervading form.

Where is the human love like a Christian mother's love? Where is the human tenderness like a Christian mother's tenderness? And what influence can be compared to the influence of a Christian mother?

Goethe, it is said, always declared that to his mother he owed, not only his genius, but his strength.

Michelet, the French historian, makes the following touching reference to his mother: "I lost her thirty years ago (I was a child then), nevertheless, ever living in my memory, she follows me from age to age. She suffered with me in my poverty, and was not allowed to share my better fortune. When young, I made her sad, and now I cannot console her. I know not even where her bones are. I was too poor then to buy earth to bury her! And yet I owe her much. I feel deeply that I am the son of woman. Every instant, in my ideas and words (not to mention my features and gestures), I find again my mother in myself. It is my mother's blood which gives me the sympathy I feel for bygone ages, and the tender remembrance of all those who are now no more. What return, then, could I, who am myself advancing towards old age, make her for the many things I owe her? One, for which she would have thanked me—this protest in favour of women and mothers."

What influence there is in a mother's kiss. Benjamin West, in his boyhood, sketched roughly the outline of his infant sister's face as she lay in the cradle. The mother saw genius in the sketch, and with a natural pride kissed her boy. "That kiss," said the renowned artist, "made me a painter."

A mother may not think the words of the little hymn she tells her child will be long remembered; but what says a prison chaplain: "The last thing forgotten in all the recklessness of dissolute profligacy is the prayer or hymn taught by a mother's lips, or uttered at a father's knee; and where there seems to have been any pains bestowed even by one parent to train up a child aright, there is in general more than ordinary ground for hope."

A Christian mother will not wait until her children can understand the meaning of the Word of God before she teaches them precious texts from the sacred page. In "Garlands for a Mother's Grave," the Rev. Newman Hall tells us that the very first thing he could remember was sitting on his mother's knee and learning from her lips that glorious declaration, "God so loved the world," etc. He says, "I can still feel her hand on my head, and see her earnest face, and hear the music of her sweet voice; the great truth which was so precious to herself she desired her children to know, at least in words, from their earliest days." It was his text for his first Sunday-school address, his first topic in the open-air work, the theme in his first sermon, and during his early ministry he preached from it more than fifty times.

The influence of a mother will never be forgotten. The awakened impressions which led the late Dr. William Adams to become a Christian and to do all the good he afterwards achieved, came of the reading of a tract given him by his mother when he started off for college. "Read it," she said, "as a message from your mother and your mother's God."

"What, what would I give," exclaimed Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth for one day to ask her pardon upon my knees for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain."

Samuel Budgett was about nine years of age when he heard his mother engaged in secret, earnest prayer for her family, and for himself by name. He thought, "My mother is more earnest that I should be saved than I am for my own salvation." In that hour he became decided to serve God; and the impression thus made was never effaced.

Of his mother, the late Bishop Griswold wrote, "My case so far resembled Timothy that my mother's name was Eunice and my grandmother's Lois, and that from both of them I received much early instruction. By their teaching, 'from a child I have known the Holy Scriptures, which were able to make me wise unto salvation.' To the care of my mother especially instilling into my mind sentiments of piety, with the knowledge of Christ, and the duty of prayer, I was much indebted."

Wesley's father said to his wife, "Why do you tell that dull boy the same thing twenty times over?" "Because," said the patient and wise mother, "nineteen times will not do; if I told him nineteen times only, my labour would be lost, but the twentieth time secures the object."

Colonel Ethan Allen, the famous infidel, had a very consecrated wife. The mother instructed the daughter in the truths of Christianity. The daughter sickened and was about to die, and she said to her father, 'Father, shall I take your instructions or shall I take mother's instructions? I am going to die now; I must have this matter decided." The man who had been loud in his infidelity said to his dying daughter, "My dear, you had better take your mother's religion." Supposing the mother had never used her influence to win her child for Christ, how would matters have stood then?

As soon as Mr. Ruskin was able to read with fluency, his mother began a course of Bible work with him, which never ceased till he went to Oxford. He says, "She read alternate verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether. That she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all I should get hold of it by the right end. In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse—hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all—and began again at Genesis the next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience; if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken."

The mother of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon spared no pains in setting her sons a good example, and in giving them a right training. Of her son, the celebrated preacher, she said: "Ah! Charles, I have often prayed that you might be saved, but never that you should be a Baptist." To this the shrewd lad replied: "God has answered your prayer, mother,

with His usual bounty, and given you more than you asked."

The Bishop of Manchester but very recently, at the distribution of prizes in the School of Science and Art at Keighley, suddenly was led to speak of his own mother, and told the story of how she, "not a clever managing woman," had been left a widow with seven children; how her great love and trust in God had helped her to live, sacrificing not only luxury, but comfort, to make a home, bare of all but the most meagre necessaries, bright and happy as that House Beautiful whose chambers were called Peace, and from which could be seen the hills of heaven. Most of her children, through her efforts, have risen to positions where they can help to make the world wiser and better. "She is now," said the Bishop, with broken voice, "in my house, paralysed, speechless, and helpless, and when I looked at her sweet face this morning I thanked God, who had given her to me. I owe to her all that I am."

When gruff old Dr. Johnson was fifty years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward but loving boy: "You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for all your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I omitted to do well."

"I have a vivid recollection," says the Rev. R. Knill, in his memoir of Mrs. Loveless, "of the effects of maternal influence. My honoured mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas! I often forgot her admonitions, but in my most thoughtless days I never lost the impressions which her holy example had made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught a sight of the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand and said, 'Come, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will to prayer.' This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears and arose from my bed and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother."

The mother of General John L. Swift used to say to him, "I want to live long enough to see you come to your Lord and to your Saviour." On one occasion the General was invited to deliver an address in Tremont Temple. The hall was crowded, and the interest intense, and, at a certain point, the whole audience arose to their feet, surging and swaying with cheers. As the General stood there alone amid this wild outburst of enthusiasm, he looked into the left gallery and saw one pale, unemotional face. It was the face of his mother. She was a little woman, and it seemed as if the General could have lifted her in the palm of his hand; but she had great love and faith, and when the General met her she said, "I have given you freely, my son, to the country; but oh! if I could see you stand there and talk for your Saviour, I would ask nothing more on this earth." When her son took his stand he went home directly to that mother. The General, in telling the story, says: "The stars in the sky scarcely outnumbered the prayers she had given to her Father on my behalf; and I was going home, the last one in her band of children, resolved to tell her that her Saviour was my Saviour, and her God was my God. We were all there, an unbroken and redeemed family. She gathered me in her arms as tenderly as when I was a helpless child."

Facts are indeed stranger than fiction, and did space allow, I could tell of many strong men who were first comforted by their mother's loving and tender words and ways while they were helpless children, and who never lost their grateful, trusting dependence on their mother's ministry of affection and sympathy.

If a family of children are blessed with an intelligent mother, who is dainty and refined in her manners, and does not consider it necessary to be one woman in the drawing-room and an entirely different person in her every-day life, but who is a true mother, and always a tender, charming woman, you will invariably see her habits of speech and perfect manners repeated in her children.

Oh, mothers! find out the secret of successful mothers. Be faithful to the souls of your children. Give them an early Christian education, and God will bless your work.

Ah, dear mothers! you who have little children in your arms, and about your knees, remember this—the best thing you can do for your children is to give them yourselves.

There are countless calls upon your time and strength, heavy burdens of care and labour are laid upon you, perhaps; still I entreat you to put the claims of your little ones first of all. They have a right to your love and sympathy, your constant care and companionship.

They instinctively run to you with all their little troubles and joys, unless by your careless indifference to little things, which are nothing to you but everything to them, you drive them from you.

You mean to do the best you can for them. You mean they shall become Christians by-and-by.

Look about you and see how many other mothers are weeping tears of bitterness and anguish, are besieging the Throne of Grace day and night for their grown-up, wayward, unconverted children. Do you know why? Because they were too busy to attend to the little ones. Because the enemy had found plenty of time to sow tares in their young hearts, and they sprang up and were bearing bitter fruit before the mothers had thought to sow the good seed.

So live and speak that it may be written of you as an aged one wrote of his mother:—

"My mother's voice! I hear it now!
I feel her hand upon my brow,
As when, in heartfelt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
Of her loved boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it now!
Her hand is on my burning brow,
As in that early hour,
When fever throbb'd through all my veins,
And that kind hand first sooth'd my pains
With healing power.

It comes when thoughts unhallowed throng,
Woven in sweet, deceptive song,
And whispers round my heart,
As when, at eve, it rose on high,
I hear, and think *that she is nigh*,
And they depart.

Though round my heart all, all beside,
The voice of friendship, love, had died,
That voice would linger there,
As when, soft pillow'd on her breast,
Its tones first lull'd my infant rest,
Or rose in prayer."

MAGDALENE LUTHER.

THERE was something romantic about the marriage of Luther to Catherine Von Bora, one of the nuns Leonard Koppe, of Torgau, helped to rescue from the Convent of Grimma. But their domestic relations were of the happiest character, excepting so far as sickness and death, and the common troubles of life, with the uncommon trials arising from Luther's ecclesiastical position and work, invaded the calm and security of their domestic circle. One of the most trying of these afflictions was the loss of their beloved daughter Magdalene, at the age of fourteen, in 1542. The loss of their elder daughter, Elizabeth, at the age of twelve months, was a slight affliction compared with this.

The night before the death of Magdalene, Catherine had a dream which moved her spirit deeply. There requires no stretch of imagination to see that this dream, like most dreams, was manufactured out of the circumstances of the child's illness; though it is not impossible that God may have sent it to prepare her for the coming crisis. She dreamed that there appeared to her two beautiful youths in elegant attire, who asked her daughter in marriage. In the morning she told her dream to her husband and Philip Melancthon, who had come on a visit. Melancthon was deeply affected, and to comfort the mother, said:

"The two youths are sacred angels, who have come to lead the virgin to the true wedlock of the sacred kingdom."

These words both melted and soothed Catherine. Her tears would flow, but her heart was comforted in view of her great loss. Anticipating the hour of separation, Luther and Catherine knelt together in the sick child's chamber. In deep agony of spirit the great Reformer prayed that God would spare his beloved child; or, if He had chosen to take her home to Himself, to enable them to resign her up into His hands."

Then rising up and bending over her, he said with touching sweetness, "Magdalene, my dear daughter, you would be glad to remain here with your father; are you willing to depart and go to that other Father?"

"Yes, dear father," she replied, with a faint but calm voice; "just as God pleases."

"Dear child!" said he, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Then, unable any longer to suppress his emotion at her words, he turned aside to give vent to his feelings, or to conceal his tears. Presently, looking upward, he exclaimed, "If the flesh is so strong, how will it be with the spirit?" and then he added, "Well, whether we live or die, we are the Lord's."

She expired in the arms of her father. Catherine was in the room, but farther from the bed, unable to bear the parting. She knew that she ought to be resigned to the will of God, but nature is strong and will have vent for its sorrow. Thus she wept bitterly, and Luther strove to comfort her.

"Dear Catherine," said he, "think where she has gone. She has certainly made a happy journey. With children everything is simple. They die without anguish, without disputes, without bodily grief, without the temptations of death, as if they were falling asleep."

When the remains of their loved daughter were placed in her coffin, Catherine's grief broke out afresh, and tears came fast from the eyes of the great Reformer.

To comfort Catherine and ease his own mind he said, first addressing as it were the inanimate form of their child, "You, dear Lene, you will rise again, and shine like a star, yea, as the sun. I am joyful in spirit, but I am sorrowful in the flesh."

Then, turning to his wife, he said, "We, dear Catherine, should not lament as those who have no hope; we have dismissed a saint, yea, a living saint for heaven. Oh, that we could so die! Such a death I would willingly accept this very hour."

Thus do we get a peep into the great throbbing heart of, in many respects, the greatest of the Reformers. Thus do we see that the man who could stand with lion-like courage before the principalities and powers of Rome, and defy with unquailed heart the might and rage of earth and hell, could be the loving husband and the tender father, his great heart gushing with streams of tenderness, of sympathy, and manly sorrow.

May He of whom we sing,

> "His heart is made of tenderness,
> His bowels melt with love,"

comfort every mourner, soothe every troubled one, and be Himself the undying portion of every bereaved heart.

MOTHERS AT HOME.

BY E. M. WATERWORTH.

CHAPTER II.

BABY—HOW TO DRESS AND FEED HIM.

NOW for dressing baby. Mr. Day, Assistant-Surgeon to the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Road, says that there are four great faults in an ordinary baby's clothes. 1. They are too long and heavy. 2. They do not properly fit the neck. 3. They require the child to be turned over and over in dressing. 4. They are made to pass over the child's head when being put on, and fasten with hooks or buttons.

Now I have a set of the new-fashioned baby-clothes, and to all who really need them, I shall be happy to give the patterns.

We must first of all do away with those odious binders which monthly nurses are so fond of. "What, not use a binder ma'am?" said one to me. "Why, what will you use to support it's little back?"

"Support it's grandmother!" I exclaimed, for I was young and impatient; "if you hold the baby properly it won't want supporting. You may put on that flannel band, but nothing else."

These flannel bands should be made of soft flannel about three inches wide, and herring-boned at the edges. They

Joyous Spring-time.

should go twice round the body, and be tacked with needle and cotton every morning, or fastened with tapes. But they must on no account be tight, and must allow for the child's stomach to be distended with food or wind.

Next we will put the ordinary linen shirt, and then a long flannel vest, to come about four inches below the feet. Thus the legs can be freely moved about. You must draw it round the neck, and have it open from top to bottom and fastened with tapes. You will see the advantage of this opening at the back if ever it is your misfortune to have a child dangerously ill. I had one once, who was only a little over two years old, and, when she was very weak, I found it impossible to put on the usual nightgown, until I suddenly bethought me of splitting it up the back. Then I could change it as often as was necessary without troubling the poor mite at all. I wondered then that no one had ever thought of making a baby's garment that way.

As to the outside robe or gown, be sure that it has high neck and long sleeves.

"Oh, what an old-fashioned little creature a baby would look dressed like that!" you think, perhaps; but it is wonderful how soon you get used to it. I should like you to remember that I am not merely telling you of what ought to be done, any one can do that; I am also going to tell you of what I have found by experience to be the best way of doing things, hoping that the experience which I have bought, often rather dearly, may help you in similar difficulties.

Now when my first child was born I was very young, and had thought little about sanitary matters, though I had the sense to know an infant did not want a binder to support its back any more than it wanted a dress-improver. So, when robes were given to me, I let the child wear them with low neck and short sleeves. The short frocks were made in the same way too.

One day, when she was about twenty months old, I took her to see an old medical friend of mine after she had recovered from a severe illness. When I took her pellisse off, he looked suddenly up at me—

"I thought you were a sensible woman?" he said.

"So did I," I replied, with more regard to truth than humility.

"Look at that child's arms," he said, pointing to the blue-looking part which mothers know so well. "Your child is delicate. The blood does not flow properly, because it is congested with cold; it must either do mischief to brain or lungs. Take her home and cover up her arms and neck."

From that day no child of mine has ever worn short sleeves, excepting in the height of summer. Now I don't expect you all to throw away your present baby clothes; but what I do beg of you is to put a monthly gown or night-gown under the robe, and make the next short frocks with long sleeves. Another good plan is to cut the feet off a pair of socks, herring-bone the raw edge, put a pair of strings and tie them to the petticoat sleeve. Believe me, the seeds of consumption and other diseases are often sown by selfish mothers. Of course a baby looks prettier in short sleeves tied up with pretty bows; so our mother's pride makes us sacrifice health to appearances.

A word as to pins.

Some time ago a well-known preacher sent his congregation into convulsions of laughter by telling a tale. He was calling on a lady who, knowing he was fond of children, sent for the baby. Now of course we all know babies behave badly just when you want them to be extra good; but this particular baby behaved worse than it had ever done in its short life. It yelled to such an extent that the lady rang the bell and told the nurse to take it away. The melody was continued up the stairs, then it ceased as suddenly as it had begun. In a few minutes the nurse, who must have been a bit of a wag in her way, returned with the baby, smiling as usual. "It wasn't sin, ma'am," she said, as she restored the child to its mother, "it was only a pin."

Good gracious! What more did the woman want? Only a pin, indeed! Why a pin is just as bad to a tiny baby as a knife is to us. Now I believe that many a child is punished for naughtiness when it is really in distress from some cause or another. One cause can certainly be removed for ever if you are careful never to use a pin if you can help it, and then always those with protected points, rightly called safety. It may interest you to know that these shield pins, which we thought quite new some few years ago, were used by the Romans before our Lord was born. I saw one myself dug up in the Isle of Wight at a Roman villa. So you see the old Romans were quite as clever as we are in some things.

Now, having dressed our baby, we must feed it. Most mothers are able to nurse their children, and no food that was ever invented can do as well for them as that which God intended. But even in this matter there is a great need for improvement. Most women are inclined to two great faults in the treatment of babies. First, they seem to think that every time a baby cries it wants food; next, they seem to think that a child must be continually rocked from side to side, as if it were a clock with a pendulum, and if you stopped the pendulum the clock would stop too.

Now I venture to say that, in nine cases out of ten, baby cries because it is uncomfortable; it has probably taken too much already, and yet you go on feeding it. Do, please, try to believe the doctors when they tell us that, for the first eight or nine weeks, a baby should only be fed every two hours. Then, as it gets older, and able to take more at a meal, the space may be stretched to three hours.

Regularity, my friends, that is the word for mothers if they would have good babies, happy children, and bright homes. Feed your children at fixed hours; they will cry, perhaps, a little till they are used to it, but soon they will get into regular habits and not look for food but at the right time. Don't overload their stomachs. Why, the stomach of a baby is only about the size of my two fingers; think how it must be distended if you let it drink half a pint at a time. Of course I am speaking now about bottle-fed children. There is no danger of a baby taking more from its mother than is absolutely necessary at one time, provided the mother is sensible enough not to clap it to the breast the moment it cries.

If you use a bottle, avoid those with tubes—buy one of "Maw's old-fashioned feeding-bottles," or a doctor friend of mine recommends Day's. I have not tried that, but I think I have tried most of the others, and certainly the "old-fashioned" one is the best.

"But I should have to hold it all the time," you will say, perhaps; "that's such a waste; I might do half a dozen jobs whilst I'm holding that stupid thing."

So you might; but you also might forget to remove the teat directly the bottle was empty. Then baby would get wind, and presently, when he is screaming with stomach-ache, you will have to waste far more time with him than it would have taken to give him his bottle. If you really cannot find time to feed the baby yourself, then I should recommend Mr. Day's bottle, only urging you not to let it suck after it has finished. Besides, nature is the best guide. Your baby does not lie flat when you are suckling him, neither should he lie flat with his bottle. Take him in your

arms and settle him comfortably, give him his bottle slowly, about ten minutes for a bottle, then keep him up a bit, to get rid of any wind, and put him into his bed.

"But I must get him to sleep first," says some one. No, begging your pardon, that is just what you must not do. Sleep, to do a child real good, must be natural, not forced. Besides, think of the waste of time, think of the half-dozen jobs you might do whilst you are holding that stupid—beg pardon, I forgot you were speaking about babies and not bottles. Joking apart, begin from the very first and put your baby down wide awake. Of course he will cry at first; but the younger he is the less he will cry. I waited till one child was twelve months old, and a pretty piece of work I had with him. He cried for half-an-hour six nights running. With the next one I began at four months, and he cried once and never again. He would never have been patted off at all but that he was dangerously ill for the first eleven weeks of his life.

Now, if you were to come to my house at six o'clock any evening, you would see my nurse take baby into the night nursery, say good-night to her, tuck her up in her crib, and leave her in the dark. She goes off happily enough, waving her hand, and is asleep in a brace of shakes. If she cries we know that there is something the matter.

Now why should not every mother get rid of her children for the evening as early as that? I do believe from the bottom of my heart, that the working man loves his children and his home and his wife better even than most so-called gentlemen do, for he has not so many other places that he can go to for rest or amusement; and I believe further that many a working man is driven to the public-house because when he gets home tired and hungry he finds the children about. Not full of fun, as in the morning, but cross and fretful, because they are tired too. They have to be undressed perhaps in the kitchen, so the poor fellow knows that for an hour or so there will be no peace for him, and out he goes. Whose fault is that in the first place?

Ah, you begin to see now why I put the children first; because I believe that it's no use trying to fight against drunkenness and misery, to plead the cause of neglected, wretched wives, unless we go to the root of the matter, and find out the reason of it all. In five cases out of ten I am sure the first beginning of home misery may be traced to the house being always in a muddle. Babies should be in bed by six, and other children should either be put to bed soon after, or should be taught to be quiet and helpful when father comes home; but to do this you must be regular in all your ways.

"Oh, I forgot your's was a clockwork baby," said a lady to me once, when I apologised for going upstairs to make the food, and I don't think I ever had a greater compliment paid to me. If every one had clockwork babies there would be less crying, less quarrelling, less illness in the world. By the by, I think I spoke about a baby being *good* just now. Now that was a mistake; a baby cannot be good or naughty during the first few months of its life. A baby's virtues, like those of many other people, consist in being well or ill, comfortable or uncomfortable. It is a cruel shame to scold a baby, perhaps even to shake it, for being naughty, when all the time the poor mite has such a stomach-ache as would make its elders groan or stamp.

I have noticed that many people cover a child's face over when it is asleep. There is nothing that is more harmful. The child goes on breathing over and over again the same air, and every time it does so there is more poison in it. It is a medical fact that if one person were to sleep in a four-post bedstead with the curtains drawn, and a canary were hung inside, the bird would be dead in the morning.

A word as to foods when food is given. Every child needs different management. Jack may be scared out of his wits if you look crossly at him, while Tom, the little rascal, will laugh behind your back if you threaten a flogging. Jane may burst into penitent tears when you say gently, "Oh, Janie, I am surprised at you," while Alice may need a day of bread and water to make her own that she is sorry. Thus it is with the minds, or shall we say souls; and thus it is with the bodies. What suits my baby might kill yours; what satisfies your first baby might make your second violently sick.

The thing is to know which are good reliable foods, and to try them till you find one which suits the child; then keep to it. For older children the more variety they have the better, but for babies the less change the more they will thrive. Foremost among foods I would recommend Savory and Moore, Ridge, Albany, Mellins. The latter is rather expensive.

Put a little brown sugar or toffee in the food when there is constipation; white sugar otherwise. Where money is not an object, I prefer sugar of milk to any sugars. But to all whose babies suffer much with wind, I would urge a trial of sugar of milk; one teaspoonful to every half-pint of liquid, put in and boiled with it. Be careful that the food is not too hot, or you will injure the coats of the stomach and give indigestion. All food should be about the temperature of new milk. If there is a tendency to indigestion a little aniseed or peppermint-water put in each bottle will do good.

This brings me naturally to the question of medicine. What a doctor's shop some people make of their children's insides. This subject will be treated upon in a future chapter as regards other children, but at present we are only concerned with babies. Now my advice shortly and sharply is not what medicine to give, but rather with Shakespere I would say, "Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it." What! no castor oil, no rhubarb, no powders? No, no, no—if you can possibly avoid it. Give natural remedies first.

If the baby is bound, put the brownest sugar you can get in his food, or some good home-made toffee. If this does not answer, get some manna from the chemist's. No, it isn't medicine. All is not gold that glitters, and all is not medicine that comes from a chemist's shop.

Put a piece varying from the size of a Spanish nut to that of a shell almond in an egg-cup, fill it with boiling water, skim off what floats on the top, and give the rest to the child the first thing in the morning before food. If the child is old enough, let him suck a piece. Of course the great secret there again is regularity. Accustom the child to use the stool at the same time every day, and habit will soon become second nature. Every mother should note the character of each motion day by day. It is an established opinion now with most doctors that unless a child has some disease, it has no business to have convulsions. It is the careless mother or nurse that is to be blamed for them in most cases. Overloading the delicate stomach with wrong food, and neglecting to notice nature's danger signal. The motion is the danger signal which nature puts out, and if we neglect it the accident is sure to come.

Now, when the child begins to get after his teeth you need to watch for these signals carefully, and when one of them appears, and the motion is light-coloured, then is the time for medicine. As a rule, no quack medicine is good or safe.

All these soothing syrups which people are so fond of, either ruin the constitution or stupify the brain; so beware of them. But there is one medicine which I have used for years, and which three good doctors have told me was harmless. I mean Steedman's teething powders. When you find the motion white, then use them; but be careful that you obey the instructions on the packet, and that you get those whose maker's name is spelt with two *e's*.

A hint as to castor-oil, if it is necessary to give it. Put equal quantities of syrup of rhubarb and oil. This does away with the bad after-effects of the oil alone.

We have now dressed, washed, and fed our baby; the next thing is to take it out, for plenty of fresh air is necessary if we would have it strong and well. This brings me to the vexed question of perambulators. What different opinions there are on the subject! Listen to the remarks of a doctor.

"A baby may commence out-door exercise when about a month old in summer, and two months in winter, and the perambulator should permit of its lying down at full length. This machine should run easily, and possess good springs, in addition to a hood to keep off the elements. A baby should not be carried in the arms out of doors, as it does not get enough support, and its movements are confined."

To my mind it is infinitely better to put a baby in a perambulator, provided you make it lie down, not sit propped up like an old man in an armchair, and also provided you cover it up warmly. It is quite certain that a child is thus warmer in the winter and cooler in the summer. The so-called bassinette perambulators are now so cheap that most people who can get one at all can afford them; but for any who have one of the old shape, it is easy enough to manage by putting a hassock on the floor of the perambulator and a pillow along it and the seat, or the mattress out of the cradle. Thus baby can have a comfortable outing without tiring the arms of its nurse, whether it is the mother or an older sister who carries it.

Don't let your child go out sucking its bottle or the teat, as hundreds do. If people only realised the mischief those so-called comforters caused, they would soon leave off buying them. With a great, strong baby, perhaps they may do no harm beyond making him greedy; but with a delicate child, that constant suck, suck, suck is most injurious. It creates a craving for swallowing something, which ruins the digestion, and will by-and-by lead to a disease all mothers know so well in young babies—atrophy, or wasting away. The little one is always whining, always wanting food, yet never satisfied, until at last *it dies*. Babies' comforters, indeed! Babies' tormentors rather.

"Would you then not give a child anything to cut its teeth with?"

By all means, a dozen things to BITE, but not one shaped to suck.

If you are busy, and cannot spare time to take your child out, dress it in its outdoor clothes and set the window open, and so give it its dose of fresh air.

"Windows," says Florence Nightingale, "when ought they to be open? The question should rather be, When ought they to be *shut?* Doors are made to shut, windows are made to open."

Don't be in a hurry to put your baby into hard shoes; and, whatever you do, don't put him into boots.

"Dear me, I thought boots would support its ankles," says some one, perhaps.

Not a bit of it. They will cramp its muscles, and prevent their growing strong and sturdy. The weaker your child's ankles look, the more necessity to keep him in shoes—square-toed, sensible shoes, which will let the air in; none of your patent leather. Boots act on the ankles as stays do on the waist. They do mischief by pressure. Let the ankles and instep have free play. Finally, before I leave the question of dress, beware of red flannel next the skin.

TRUE TO HER CHARGE.

BY JENNIE PERRETT.

"No, dear, I am not at all anxious to welcome Miss Ethel Darrant to Cedar Lodge, and I shall write and tell Sophy it is not convenient for her to come at present——"

"But, Isabel——"

"No buts, my dear; we have a very good reason to give Sophy for declining to receive her child—mother away from home, and likely to remain away some time longer; what can we poor maidens do with Sophy's bairns?"

"Only Ethel, dear. Clarence and baby are ill, and Violet and Mabel have gone to St. Leonard's with their nurse."

"Exactly; and Ethel, wild, wilful, headstrong Ethel, is to come here. No, thank you; I don't see any reason why our comfort should be marred by the presence of a wayward child. If Sophy chooses to spoil and indulge her children until their presence is dreaded by her relatives and friends — well, she must take the consequences. You leave the matter to me, dear! I'll write a kind, cousinly letter."

"Kind, cousinly," repeated pretty Constance Mayburne, glancing reproachfully at her sister, "the words are a mockery."

Isabel laughed, but her pretty face flushed slightly.

"Darling," she said, laying her hand gently on her sister's soft brown hair, "you ought to have been called Conscience instead of Constance. Why do you make one feel so 'quakey, quakey' as the naughty little girl in the fairy tale said——?"

"Ethel may come?" interrupted Constance eagerly, quick to detect any signs of relenting on her sister's part. "She shall not worry you, dear," she continued, "I will make her my charge."

"Your charge," said Isabel, "I think you hardly know what you are undertaking. You will require superhuman strength to enable you to be true to such a charge. Well, remember, when plunged into the lowest depths of despair by the depravity of Miss Darrant, you must not come to me for consolation. I shall only say 'I told you so.'"

"How absurd you are," laughed Constance; "anyone would imagine the poor child had not a single good trait in her character. Now I only hope that when she comes you will find that she has greatly improved since you last saw her."

"There was certainly plenty of room for improvement

then," said Isabel merrily; "do you remember how she cut the lace off Sophy's pretty blue nun's veiling to trim her doll's bassinette with? I shall keep all my private belongings under lock and key during her visit, and I advise you to do the same."

Two days later a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, twelve years of age, arrived at Cedar Lodge and proceeded to make herself quite at home.

"By-the-by," interrupted Isabel, "that reminds me, Conny, the bridge has been pronounced unsafe. It has been in an unsatisfactory, rickety condition I know not how long. It is to be pulled down, and a better one placed there, so no one must attempt to cross until this is done. The good folks who have been accustomed to come that way from Deepdale will have to come round by the road for the present. It will take them about five minutes longer."

"She brought Ethel into the invalid's room."

"I have not been here since I was quite a tiny child," she said the morning after her arrival; "so it's nearly as good as going to quite a strange place; all the walks will be new to me."

"I will take you some nice drives ——" began Constance.

"Oh, I don't care much for driving," said the young visitor; "I like walking. It is so poky to be stuck up in a carriage; I like rambling and scrambling about. There's a river near here, is there not?"

"Not a river; but a very wide deep stream, that flows into——"

"Five minutes cannot matter much," said Ethel. "Cousin Conny, will you take me to the place where this queer, little old bridge is? I should like to see it."

"Yes, dear," replied Constance, "but not to-day; I must go in the village; perhaps we can walk that way to-morrow."

When the morrow came, however, it brought with it heavy rain, and this continued for five successive days—days during which Constance found it almost impossible to interest and amuse her little second cousin, and so keep her out of mischief.

"Conny, my dear, your patience exceeds that of Job," said

Isabel, "but you must wish you had acted upon my advice, and declined to receive Miss Ethel at present. I think some benevolent individual ought to found an institution to which the children (the spoiled, troublesome children, I mean) of the well-to-do classes could be despatched when measles, whooping-cough, and other ailments visit their homes. I really fail to see why friends and relations should be victimised. As matron for this institution, I would engage a stern, able-bodied woman who——"

"Cousin Conny," exclaimed Ethel at that moment, "it has given over raining, the sun is shining quite brightly, do —oh! do let us go out. I do feel so tired and moped staying indoors with only you and Cousin Bel, and cook, and Mary, and Hannah to talk to."

"Candid, if not courteous," observed Isabel, glancing demurely at her sister; "I hope you feel flattered, my dear, after exerting yourself as you have done to amuse your young charge."

Constance laughed. "Run away, Ethel, and put on your thick boots," she said, "and we will have a good walk."

A few minutes later they started, Ethel dancing on in front, and begging her cousin to fulfil her promise of taking her to see the bridge that was to be pulled down. Readily Constance consented, and about three quarters of an hour's good walking brought them to the spot.

"What an out-of-the-way place!" exclaimed Ethel, "I should think very few people come here; and how high the stream is."

"Yes, on account of the heavy rain," said Constance, "don't go near the bridge, dear, see there is a notice warning people of the danger."

"I should like to see if there is any danger," cried Ethel, "I don't believe there is. The bridge looks safe enough. I am sure it would bear my weight, I'll try it, anyhow."

"Ethel, stop!" exclaimed Constance, "stop, I implore you."

She might as well have told the sun to cease shining; the self-willed, heedless child almost flew past her. Away she hastened right on to the treacherous bridge.

"See," she cried, exultantly, "I am safe enough, I told you it would bear——"

As she spoke she stepped upon a loose plank; a moment later, Constance rushing quickly towards the bridge saw her fall into the cold, deep stream.

Without a moment's hesitation she ran down the bank; throwing off her hat and jacket as she went, and plunged bravely into the water.

"I am coming, Ethel," were the words upon her lips, but from her heart arose the fervent prayer; "Lord, save, or we perish!"

* * * * * * *

"Where am I? and where is Isabel? and oh—where is Ethel? Not—not dead? Oh! tell me she is not dead?"

"Dead, no, my darling," said a gentle voice—her mother's voice.

Constance looked round wonderingly.

"You here, mother darling?" she exclaimed; "and—and —we are not at home, but at Mrs. Mervyn's house. What does it all mean?"

As briefly as she could, Mrs. Mayburne told the story. How three labourers from Deepdale, intending to cross the ill-fated bridge, had reached the spot just in time to see a lady with a child in her arms struggling apparently in vain to reach the banks of the stream. They rendered prompt assistance, and carried the lady to the nearest house, which fortunately proved to be the home of one of Mrs. Mayburne's dearest friends. Here Constance, utterly exhausted and unconscious, was placed in bed; Ethel likewise, but the child seeming the next day but little the worse for her adventure, was sent home to her aunt's.

"She is not ill, then?" questioned Constance, when Mrs. Mayburne reached this point in her story.

"Not at all, dear," was the reassuring reply, "but you have been very ill—the shock to your nervous system was so great. Thank God our prayers have been heard and answered, and my sweet, true-hearted child has been spared to us."

"I should like to see Ethel."

"You shall see her soon, dear," said Mrs. Mayburne, and a few days later she brought Ethel into the invalid's room.

The child gave one glance at the fair, sweet face of the patient sufferer on the couch, then kneeling down beside her sobbed bitterly.

"They have given me your messages," she said. "Oh! Conny, how could you send your love to me after——?"

"Hush," whispered Constance, "the past is over, darling; when I am better again we will talk and read together about the gentle, loving Saviour who can and will help my little cousin to do always that which is right in His sight."

SATURDAY PENNIES.

BY MRS. IRWINE WHITTY.

"No, Mr. Swainton; don't give Charlie anything, please," said Mrs. Morrison to the friend who was just leaving her drawing-room, while a cloud gathered over the expectant face of the little boy.

"Come, come, my dear Mrs. Morrison, this is a matter which really does not concern the mammas," said the old gentleman, urbanely, as he slipped something into Charlie's hand and bowed himself out of the drawing-room.

The next moment the sound of the hall-door banging loudly proclaimed that somebody younger than Mr. Swainton had made an exit.

"That's Charlie; he is off to the sweet shop," remarked Mrs. Morrison in a tone of resignation, as she turned to the pleasant-faced elderly lady, who was now her only visitor.

"I declare, Mrs. Lonsdale, I don't know what to do about the children and their money; friends will insist on giving them 'tips,' which all go in sweets, and of course they devour them just before tea-time, as Charlie will now do; or, worse still, in the interval between lessons and dinner. Only think what an amount of hardbake and cocoa-nut chips that sixpence means to Charlie, besides his being taught to look out for 'tips.' I wish people would not do it."

"Well, replied her friend, "my own belief is that people will continue to do it as long as the world lasts, and as long as there are children and money in it; sooner or later our children must face the £ s. d. problem, and, to my mind, the sooner we begin to teach them to manage their own little money matters the better."

"I cannot bear to impound their little sixpences and shillings," replied her hostess; "my husband always declares it is a downright shame to do so."

"No, no; I would not impound them. I would only try and teach the children to make the most of them. 'The child is father of the man,' you know, and the boy who spends his pennies well now will probably make good use of his pounds by-and-by."

"Do tell me how to set about it, dear Mrs. Lonsdale," replied her friend; "for everyone knows that you are the very incarnation of good management."

"That is saying rather much, I think," returned Mrs. Lonsdale, as a delicate streak of colour tinged her faded cheeks, "but the subject is a favourite one with me, and I will, if you like, describe the principles I acted on with my own three boys; they are mostly middle-aged men now, and, thank God, they have all done well. My boys, from their fifth birthday onwards, always had an allowance."

"Yes; but *we* cannot afford that," put in Mrs. Morrison. "My husband's income is not large, and, with three children, one has to be careful."

"Not more careful than I had to be, I assure you, for I was left a widow when my youngest child was only two. But, perhaps, an 'allowance' was too dignified a word to use; a penny a week was all my boys had for many a long day. Do you give your little ones much money, might I ask?"

"Nothing regular," said Mrs. Morrison; "but their father gives them pence occasionally, and they often expect a penny from me when we are in town together."

"Altogether the odd pence might amount to four or five shillings in the year," suggested the visitor.

"Well, perhaps so," said Mrs. Morrison, reflectively, "but I never thought of counting it up. Indeed, I should not wonder if Charlie's money amounted to more than that; being a boy, he expects more than the little girls, you see."

"A penny a week is four and fourpence a year," said Mrs. Lonsdale. "Now, if I were you, I should cut off the odd pennies, and let the children expect once a week regularly whatever little allowance you and your husband think fit to make them."

"But they will spend it on sweets all the same, whether they get it regularly or irregularly," said Mrs. Morrison.

"Even if they do so, something has been gained when they have grasped the fact that only a pennyworth of sweets can be bought for a penny. Besides, when a certain amount of money, be it great or small, comes in regularly, children learn to confine their desires to the limit of their income, a lesson which it takes many older people years of bitter experience to learn. Moreover, as the interests of life develope, you will see the Saturday pennies going by degrees for something better than sweets. Furthermore, it is only in cases of a fairly regular income that saving one's money becomes a possibility."

"But, Mrs. Lonsdale, you would never expect such mites to save!" exclaimed her hostess, aghast. "Why, Charlie is only just eight, and the twins are barely six!"

"Given a regular income," replied her friend, "children will soon learn that the twopenny india-rubber ball, which is so much more desirable than the penny one, can be obtained by a week's self-denial. Let this fact be realised at first by their saving to gratify their own little desires, and later on they will learn the far purer delight of self-denial for the sake of others. Nothing, to my mind, can be worse training for a child than to allow him to think that a coin must be parted with as soon as it comes into his possession. 'Let me go out and spend the sixpence uncle gave me,' says the child; and if his wish be gratified, he will return with some inferior toy, which he has purchased merely for the sake of parting with his sixpence."

"And that brings us back to the subject of 'tips' with which we started," said Mrs. Morrison. "All that you have said so far, Mrs. Lonsdale, relates to regular allowances, and I hardly see how it applies in the matter of tips!"

"The judicious outlay of the regular allowance," said the elder lady, "will teach the child the true value of money, and once this lesson is learned the unexpected sixpence will assume new proportions in his eyes, and will mean to him something more than a coin to be got rid of as soon as possible; as regards unexpected 'tips' there is nothing better than a money-box for the child."

"I have heard it said that money-boxes make children sordid," objected Mrs. Morrison.

"Not necessarily so. That all depends upon how you treat the matter; what sordid element can there be in encouraging the child to lay by, say a few months before Christmas, in order to be able to purchase little presents for others at that time? Why, when one thinks of all the happiness that can be brought to others by the kindly outlay of a little money, one only longs that one's children should share in this happiness as soon as possible. Moreover, self-respect is engendered in the child's mind by the feeling that he is not without resources. I well remember once hearing some little boy friends of my own discussing a present for some favourite teacher, which was to be subscribed for at sixpence a head. "I'll ask my mother to let me have sixpence when I go home," said one boy, "but I'm not sure if she will." "I'll ask father to open my money-box, and then I can get sixpence of my own," said another; while on the face of the second lad I could see the glow of pleasure which rose from the thought that he was a person of means. But now, dear Mrs. Morrison, my ride on my hobby-horse is over, and I must really say good-bye."

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

April, with its alternate sunshine and showers, is very treacherous, and though sometimes the hot sun induces us to get out a thin dress or coat, the chill of the heavy showers makes it imperative to retain woollen clothing. It is better to lighten one's wraps from above than from beneath, and useful as a good serge dress is at any time, it is never more so than in April and May. Indeed, in many parts of England, in mountainous districts, or near the sea, serge is the best material for ordinary wear all the year round, or at least for three parts of it. Our illustration gives a very useful model of a navy-blue serge frock with plain skirt, trimmed according to taste, with a few rows of black braid round the bottom. The rows can be grouped in twos or threes, or simply put on at equal distances. Braid never looks so well as when stitched on with the sewing machine along the upper edge, and very close to it, so that there is no room for dust and dirt to lodge between the stuff and the trimming. A foundation skirt of dark-blue holland should

be used, faced round the bottom with serge, about a quarter of a yard deep, and bound round the lower edge with an alpaca braid to match. A foot-kilt to a plain dress of this kind is quite unnecessary; it only adds to the weight of the foundation, and is most difficult to clean when it gets muddy and dirty. When the seams are run or stitched they must always be opened, and a strip of damp rag or damp brown paper laid over them before being pressed with a hot iron. This rag or brown paper should quite cover the space that will be touched by the iron, so that the serge itself may not be scorched or injured—a very important point when the skirt comes to be turned.

The bodice is of the blouse order, but is made up on a lining as a banded bodice, and the skirt either sewn to it or put on a straight Petersham band, with about four strongly made loops at regular intervals at the bottom of the band close to the serge. Four corresponding hooks must be sewn on the inside of the bodice band, with the hook part downwards. When put into the loops, the skirt will hang from them, and the weight will be transferred from the hips to the shoulders, besides which, lifting the arms will not produce an ugly gap between body and skirt. The neck having a small sailor collar, and being tied with black ribbons, obviates what many people find to be the great inconvenience of the very high neck-band, which often produces a choky feeling, and is most inconvenient when stooping to read or work. The sleeves are simply rather loose coat sleeves, with turned-back cuffs, trimmed with the same width of braid as that on the collar.

Our other illustration shows a very smart and useful pinafore for boy or girl, which can be made in brown holland, with bands either of the same or of red or blue Turkey

twill. The red washes best, and looks as good as new after the operation. This kind of pinafore is a complete dress, and makes a child look fresh and nice, even if an old warm frock is worn underneath it. It can also be made of a pretty print, and it is very easy to get a nice remnant cheap, that is ample in quantity, and of far better quality than an ordinary print or perçale at so much per yard.

Nearly all the new hats are round and low-crowned, a sort of modified sailor shape, and very neat they look, the only trimming being a piece of ribbon put plainly round as it is on a sailor's hat. For little children there are some high-crowned, soft quaker bonnets, which come close round the face, and do not protect the complexion, though the high crown makes a considerable space between the sun's rays and the child's head. A very sweet little child's hat of fine white straw is rather more of a mushroom than of a sailor shape, and trimmed with two or three rosettes of white ribbon velvet. This little hat was made for no one less than a small princess, and it shows how extremely neat and simple are the tastes of the highest in the land.

A pretty way of making a child's frock is with four rows of black ribbon velvet round the skirt, a waistband of the same slightly pointed in front, which is easily managed by cutting a V-shaped piece of it out of the band and sewing it strongly, making the neck-band in the same way, only modified, and putting a pointed cuff to each little long sleeve.

A great deal of the fulness in soft materials such as China silk, nun's cloth, and nainsook muslin, is being arranged in flat tucks, run lengthways, and then fastened off so that the material below them forms a sort of frill or flounce. In the case of a little frock, this allows of a second frill tucked in the same manner being sewn on below, and thus the fulness is graduated from bottom to top, and yet can be very easily ironed.

Patterns of the dress bodice can be had by enclosing 6½*d. in stamps, and of the pinafore by enclosing* 8½*d. to M. L., at the office of* THE MOTHERS' COMPANION.